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June 10, 1930
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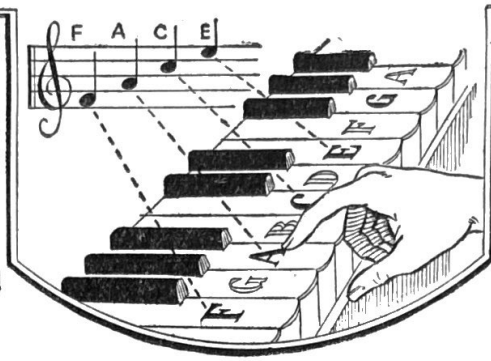

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Moving Picture Stories

ETHEL ROSEMON, Editor ISSUED EVERY OTHER TUESDAY

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Montana Moon

By VAL LEWTON

JOAN PRESCOTT, with a body that Fisher could envy, a complexion that Palmolive's pictured beauties could never attain and a general air of "you just know she wears them", was on her way to Montana. Characteristically she was too late to catch the special train that her father had ordered to transport her, her sister, Elizabeth, and a party of friends to his ranch in Montana for a few months of range life. Likewise characteristic was her instant decision to catch the train when it stopped to change engines at Harmon.

Jumping into the roadster of foreign make that her father had given her for her last birthday, she sped off to Harmon, violating every conceivable traffic rule and beating death by inches at least a dozen times. Just as the Twentieth Century, with John Prescott's special car hitched on, was about to pull out of the station, she jumped out of her roadster and grabbed onto the rail of the observation platform. She ran a few steps, holding to the rail and endeavoring to pull herself aboard. The train was now going too fast for that and she was about to let go when a handsome young man whom she had never seen before leaned over and pulled her aboard. Before lowering her to the platform, he held her in his arms a moment longer than was absolutely necessary. When he finally let her down, she looked at him pertly and said:

"Now what do you think of that?"

"I think it's gorgeous," the young man answered, looking with admiration into Joan's bright, blue eyes.

Joan and Larry had the prairie to themselves, alone in the stillness of the night, the twinkling stars the only witness to their love.

"Oh, Jeff," Elizabeth, Joan's sister said, coming up to them, "I want you to meet my kid sister."

"We've met," he said with a smile, remembering how he had held Joan's warm body in his arms just a moment before. "Where have you been hiding this kid sister of yours, Elizabeth?"

Elizabeth, who had grown a bit acid in her search for a husband and was making one last desperate attempt to win the handsome Jeff Pelham, tucked her arm possessively through his and answered:

"In the nursery, where she belongs."

Joan made a face as Elizabeth led Jeff away. He turned just in time to see her do this and winked at her.

John Prescott, who had observed the entire scene

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from where he sprawled in a big leather armchair, came up to his young daughter.

"Joan, you'd better not annoy Elizabeth this trip," he advised. "She's not getting any younger, you know, and we don't want to have a spinster in the family, do we?"

"No, Dad. I'll let her alone," Joan promised.

THE trip out to the Prescott Ranch in Montana was just one wild party after another as far as the younger members of the party were concerned. From dawn to dusk, the phonograph ground out jazz without ceasing. Even Joan, jazziest of the jazz maidens, got a bit sick of it on the last night of their trip and slipped out onto the observation platform to look at the moonlit Montana ranges as they rolled by.

As she sat there, Jeff joined her and proceeded to make himself comfortable. Though acknowledged as Elizabeth's suitor, he had several times tried to win some encouragement from Joan, so she decided that it would be better for her to go inside. She excused herself on the plea of a headache and turned to go inside the car. Before she could open the door, however, Jeff had put his arms about her and drawn her to him in a mad embrace. She struggled away from him just as she heard Elizabeth calling his name inside the car.

"Get in there—quick," she whispered tensely, pushing him toward the door.

As he entered the car, he caught sight of himself in a mirror. His hair was rumpled and a dab of Joan's lipstick was on his mouth. Frantically he wiped it with his handkerchief. As Elizabeth came into the car, he decided upon a desperate measure to keep her from noticing the lipstick.

Joan Crawford & Johnny Mack Brown

The rift in the lute of Joan's and Larry happiness that had appeared on the night of their homecoming was widened by many petty quarrels and misunderstandings.

"Hello, Jeff," she greeted. "I've been looking everywhere for you. Where were you?"

Keeping his handkerchief over his mouth, he answered:

"I was out on the platform in back, looking at the moonlight and dreaming of you."

"Oh, Jeff!" she cried in ecstasy.

He took her in his arms and planted a long, lingering kiss on her lips. When he let her go, Elizabeth looked up at him and exclaimed:

"Oh, Jeff, look! I've left some lipstick on your mouth." He wiped his mouth with his handkerchief and looked at the red streak on it.

"So you have," he remarked.

A minute later Elizabeth ran into Joan's room and flung her arms about her sister.

"It's happened! It's happened! Jeff's kissed me!"

When she had gone, still burbling with happiness, Jeff stole into Joan's room and tried to make love to her. She broke away from his embrace and commanded:

"Get out!"

He strode out of the room just as the train came to a stop at a watering station. Flinging a few clothes into a handbag, Joan, disgusted with the state of affairs aboard the train and fearful of the consequences if Elizabeth ever discovered that Jeff was two-timing her, clambered off the train. Shivering a little in the cool night air, she watched the red tail light of the train recede in the distance.

When the train's ribbon of yellow lights had vanished around a curve, she picked up her suitcase and started walking toward the lighted window of the little station house. Putting her bag down on the dirty floor, she turned to the station master, who was looking at her with eyes that were wide with astonishment. Fumbling through the ticket rack, he listened to her demand for a telegraph blank and a ticket to New York.

She dispatched a telegram to her father, vaguely explaining that she was bored and wished to return to New York and asking him to pay no attention to her absence.

"When does the next train leave?" she asked as the agent handed her a ticket.

"In two hours," the old man answered.

"Well, I think I'll stroll about," she decided, taking a cigarette from her case and lighting it as she stepped out across the threshold into the moonlight.

Soon a man's voice, singing a cowboy ballad, was brought to her by the thin wind that wandered over the ranges. The singer was too far away for her to distinguish the words of his song, and, prompted by curiosity, she rose and wandered across the range to where a pin point of ruddy light told her there must be a campfire. Going closer, she saw that the singer was a young cowboy who was busy boiling coffee. Strolling up behind him, she exclaimed, as he finished his song on a high note:

"Bravo, Caruso, bravo! Your front door was open, so I just walked right in and made myself at home."

"I'm not used to seein' ladies about this here way," he stammered. "But that's not goin' to stop me from askin' you all to have a cup of coffee," he added. He poured out a cup for her and she drank it, controlling an impulse to spit out the dark, murky liquid. "Want some more?" he asked.

"No, thanks," she answered quickly, "but I will have a cigarette." He rolled her a cigarette. As he did so, she noticed the name, Larry Kerrigan, crudely printed on the leather of his tobacco pouch. "Thanks, Larry," she said as he lit her cigarette. "This is marvelous, the way you live here—all alone."

"Not so nice when you have to do it all the time," he told her. "I'm fence rider on this here ranch, the largest in the hull of Montana, and it takes me all of three weeks to ride around the fences—and, when I'm done, I have to start all over again."

"Whose ranch is it?" she asked, remembering vaguely that her father had once said his ranch was the largest in the state.

"It's the Prescott Bar L Ranch," Larry answered.

Joan grinned. She was tremendously attracted to this handsome cowboy. What a joke to think that he was one of her father's men!

"How is this Prescott man you work for?" she asked. "Nice?"

"Nice?" he replied enthusiastically. "He's the salt of the earth, is John Prescott! But his daughters! They're a pair of varmints"—Joan almost dropped off the boulder on which she was sitting—"always runnin' about, givin' their old man a hell of a time tryin' to keep up with them. And he'd like nothin' better than to settle down on the ranch. But I've talked enough. Now let's hear you say somethin'. What's your name?"

"You wouldn't like it—it's an ugly name," Joan said, stalling, "but I'll let you christen me by a new name now. What would you like to call me?"

Larry thought hard for a moment, rumpling his hair with his fingers, then answered:

"Montana! I'll call you Montana! That's the prettiest name I know—and you're the prettiest girl I've ever seen."

"MONTANA," Joan mused. "It's a lovely name, as lovely as the quiet of these ranges and the peacefulness of this moonlight night. It's wonderful here. I'd like to live all my like like this—in the open."

For a long time they sat together before his campfire, talking and smoking, until from the far distance there came the whistle of a train.

"I've missed my train," Joan exclaimed. "You'll have to let me stay here tonight, Larry."

"Nothin' doin', Montana," he answered. "I'll take you back to town, but there ain't no place for you here."

"I'm staying here, though," she said firmly, "whether you like it or not. You've got extra blankets. Where's all this Western hospitality I hear so much about? Are you too stingy to give me breakfast?"

As if floating on the rolling crest of the passionate music, Joan and Jeff danced, their bodies moving as one, close together. To the eyes of the cowboys, it seemed almost like public love-making.

"That ain't it, Montana," he protested. "But people'll talk if you stay here with me. I can't let you do it."

"Nobody's going to talk unless you do. Here I am and here I stay," Joan decided.

"Well—all right then."

When it came time for bed, Larry made a bunk for her and gave her his own blankets, while he slept under a saddle cloth. He put her blankets on one side of the fire and his own on the other. When they had both curled up, she peeked over at Larry to see what he was doing. He was sleeping. A little piqued that he should have so little curiosity in regard to her, she screamed as if she had been badly frightened. He jumped up and ran over to her side of the fire.

"Oh, a great big, ugly animal was sitting right here on the rock by my head," Joan explained. "Oh, please don't leave me, Larry," she begged. "I won't be able to get to sleep with you so far away from me. Bring your blankets over to this side of the fire."

Reluctantly, he carried his bed to Joan's side and lay down some four feet away from where she lay.

(Continued on page 26)

DOUBLE CROSS ROADS

By ROSEMARY LEE

"WELL, kid, have you made up your mind just what you're goin' to do when you get out of here?"

At the question, the boy turned from the prison window where he had been gazing out at a group of children picking daisies in the field beyond and shook his head.

"I don't know," he replied thoughtfully. "I may go to Palm Beach or Harvard or Monte Carlo—you can't tell. Dyke wants me to go back in the racket."

"Well, there's some swell jobs to be knocked off in the big burgs by a guy like you who can open a safe with just touchin' and hearin'."

"Maybe," Dave returned slowly. "But first I'm going to get rested up, get myself some decent food and—"

"Say," the older man interrupted, "I know a swell little family up in the country. I'm going to send you there. They'll take good care of you—just like home. They don't know I'm in here and they needn't know anything about you, either. I'll just write them you're a friend of mine who wants a rest and some work. You've got an education in electricity now and that'll mean something if you want to do odd jobs until you're ready to strike out for the big stuff."

And so, when the day came for David Harvey's release, he left the prison, armed with a letter to Caleb's friends in the country. But, if Dave had been counting the days until his time was up, another in the outside world had also been marking off the dates on the calendar. There was a big job to be pulled, a job that required the boy's nimble fingers, and Gene Dyke, leader of the gang, was just waiting for his release to pull it. So anxious was he to get David to work that he dispatched Happy Max to the prison town to escort him back to the city. Just as he stepped up to the window and asked the agent for a ticket to Lebanon, Max approached him.

"So you're going out where they grow fresh eggs and burn kerosene, eh?" he greeted. "Well, I came out here just to escort you back to the big burg in style. There's a swell job comin' off and we're goin' to let you in on it."

"Yeh? Phone me and tell me all about it," Dave replied carelessly as he turned away at the sound of the train whistle in the distance.

"You can't turn Dyke down," Max protested, following him. "Didn't he spring you out of the Big House?"

"Sure," the boy returned. "I've got no kick comin'. I'm goin' on a vacation, that's all—out with the cows and the daisies."

"What'll I tell Dyke?" Max asked nervously.

"Give him a little kiss from me," Dave called over his shoulder as he stepped aboard the train.

DAVID HARVEY never dreamed there could be such peace and quiet as he found in the little cottage at Lebanon where Caleb's friend, known to everyone as Granny, kept house for her granddaughter, Mary, a slender, dark-haired girl with large, glorious brown eyes. The countryside was just putting on its spring dress and the air was fragrant with the scent of growing things. Dave had never known that grass could be so green. He had never heard that a lovely white blossom precedes the apple. The country to him had been a closed book and it "got" him. In its soothing calmness he couldn't think of breaking safes, of spending night after night with the gang in smoke-filled back rooms. Instead, he wanted to work, to do something clean like the fresh air he was breathing for the first time. And then there was Mary. He dreaded to picture the horror that would shadow those brown eyes if she knew the life he had led before he came up to Granny's "to rest". Both she and Granny had taken him into their home without questioning, had made him one of the family. He wished with all his heart he were like them, simple, plain country folks, with no knowledge of the various rackets that thrive in the big cities. But soon David's hands, never idle for long, fairly ached for something to do and Mary suggested that there might be odd jobs in the village. The boy was anxious to put to the practical test the trade he had learned in prison and he readily fell in with her plans.

MEANTIME Max had made his report to his chief.

"Dave's all right, only a little bit impulsive," Dyke commented when he heard his henchman's story.

"Well, we might as well say goodby to the Lewiston job, the softest touch ever," Max commented gloomily. "Dave's the only one in the mob that can do the inside work, and you know it."

"Don't you worry about that," Dyke reassured him as he put in a long distance call for the Tilton residence in Lewiston.

And, while he was waiting for the connection, Deuce Wilson entered the office, in spite of the fact that Dyke's bodyguard had informed him that the boss was out of town.

"Well, Dyke," Wilson greeted, looking around the luxuriously appointed office, "this is quite a change from the days when you were glad to make a century springin' the boys."

"Those days belong to the past," Dyke told him meaningly. "You and I are through, Deuce. As far as I'm concerned, I've no time for you."

"Well, we're not through with the Lewiston tip," Wilson told him. "You and me was workin' together when we got it and I'm in. When it goes through, I get my bit."

"The Lewiston job's off," Dyke grunted. "Now I'm busy—get out."

But Wilson lingered and the next moment the phone rang and the operator's voice came over the wire:

"The Lewiston call, sir. Mrs. Tilton will be on—"

"So the Lewiston job's off!" Wilson interrupted. "I felt sorry for the last chump who double-crossed me and you know it."

With a meaning glance at the big man behind the desk, he made his exit while Dyke turned to the phone for the connection with Mrs. Tilton.

He had handled all this wealthy lady's divorces and she trusted him implicitly. Now her latest ex-husband was disputing her alimony and had gone to Europe, taking care to lock up all her jewels before he left. Her attorney simply must get the matter fixed up for her. Anyway, she was continuing her plans for the big party she was to give on the night of the Lewiston race meet and she was counting on him to arrange the entertainment and the extra servants.

"Leave everything to me," he told her. "I'll be there. Goodby."

He smiled with satisfaction as he hung up the receiver.

"But how can we make a move up there until we're sure of Dave?" Max questioned wonderingly.

"Max, if you knew as much about geography as you know about dames, you'd know that Lebanon is just three miles from Lewiston. So why worry?"

And so it happened that, when Dave was busy with his first job, fixing the organ in the little white frame church, a luxurious car wound its way up the country road and came to a halt in the little churchyard, with Max at the wheel and Dyke leaning back comfortably against the soft cushions. When the boss entered the church, he found Dave alone, for Mary, who had come with him, was busy spreading their luncheon out under the trees.

"You're looking fine, David," he greeted. "Sorry you didn't reply to that last message I sent to your late residence a couple of months ago. I want to have a chat with you about the little affair that's comin' off at Lewiston on the fifteenth."

This is an adaptation of the William Fox screen presentation of the story "Yonder Grow the Daisies" by William Lipman. Howard Esterbrook wrote the scenario and Alfred Werker directed, with Robert Ames appearing as David Harvey, Lila Lee as Mary Carlisi, Montagu Love as Gene Dyke, Ned Sparks as Happy Max, George MacFarlane as the warden, Edythe Chapman as Mrs. Carlisi, Tom Jackson as Deuce Wilson, Charlotte Walker as Mrs. Tilton, William V. Mong as Caleb and Thomas Jefferson as the caretaker.

"And, when I get things cleaned up, I want you to marry me. I know it was wrong to keep this back. I should have told you before."

"I'm layin' off," Dave told him, again turning his attention to his work.

"You'll be interested when you hear the details," Dyke went on. "It's a great chance, my boy. I held it off for you."

"But I've quit," Dave repeated. "Since I've come up here, I've made up my mind to get out of the racket."

"After you've turned this trick, I don't care what you do," Dyke told him. "You've nothing to worry about. A nice big jack pot, then you can do as you please. But get this straight—you're goin' through with this job."

"I can't talk any more now," Dave told him nervously, glancing apprehensively at the door. "Some one is liable to come in."

"All right," Dyke agreed, turning to go. "I'm at the States Hotel at Lewiston. Come over and we'll get this thing cleaned up."

As the car backed out of the churchyard, Dave hurried across the lawn to Mary who was waiting for him in the shade of a big tree.

Dyke looked at her in surprise.

"Wait until you see all the things Granny's cooked for you," she greeted, "all sorts of special delicacies today." When the boy did not answer, she looked up at him wonderingly. "Well, aren't you interested in Granny's surprise?" she questioned. "What's the matter?"

"Something I'd almost forgotten since I've been up here," he told her gloomily. "I just realized that it isn't right to go on without telling you. I'm a jail bird. I've served a term in prison. Do you understand all that means?" The girl's "Yes" was scarcely audible. "I knew what I was doin'. I did it deliberately for the money. I got out a few weeks ago. The gang wanted me back in the racket. I hadn't made up my mind what I wanted to do and I came up here to think. Somehow knowin' you and bein' here in this place have changed things. My mind's made up now. I'm goin' to get out of it. I'm tryin' for a new start—so I'm leavin'."

"But why should you go?" Mary questioned in alarm.

"You don't mean it'll be all right to stay after what I've told you?" he asked, a note of hopefulness in his voice.

"Oh, I'm glad you told me," she whispered softly. "It shows you're not afraid of it."

"And it won't make any difference between us?" he asked eagerly. She shook her head. "Oh, I can't begin to tell you what you mean to me. Everything! I'd never have gotten things straight if it hadn't been for you. Some one is tryin' to pull me back but, if you'll stick, I can make the grade—I know it. Will you?"

"Of course, I will," Mary promised.

"And then, when I get things cleaned up, I want you to marry me. I know it was wrong to keep this back. I should have told you before—" He stopped short as a sob broke from the girl's lips.

"I've got to go now," she said hurriedly, withdrawing the hand he had been holding in his.

"But, Mary, it's goin' to be all right?" he questioned fearfully.

"Yes, it's going to be all right," she called over her shoulder.

COULD David have overheard the conversation between Granny and Mary when the latter went running back to the cottage, the reason for the sob that had interrupted his confession would have been clear to him.

"I tell you I never did a thing like this before," Mary stormed. "Oh, I—I'm so ashamed!"

"Hah, that's a hot one," Granny exclaimed, all semblance to the nice, motherly old country woman falling from her like a cloak, "getting jammed up with a simp like that! Save that stuff for later!"

"Oh, never mind about me," Mary returned. "All I know is that he loves me, trusts me, depends upon me and I can't double-cross him any longer and I won't."

"But you can't quit now," Granny protested.

Mary's answer was interrupted by the ringing of the phone. Dyke was at the other end of the wire.

"I talked with him at the church today. He's balky. I don't say I blame you, Marie. For all I know, you and Granny have followed out my instructions." The girl interrupted with a hysterical outburst. "Don't you realize you're talking on the phone?" he warned her. "And keep away from this hotel—you'll spoil everything."

" If you don't want to hear what I have to say over the phone, I'll be there whether you like it or not," Mary threatened, banging up the receiver.

"You can't stand a run-in with Dyke," Granny protested. "Don't make a fool of yourself. Keep away from that hotel. Remember, for a dizzy cabaret singer, you've done pretty well on the side and I wouldn't have the bank roll I have out of the pay I got as a wardrobe woman."

"I tell you I won't be part of this any longer," the girl said firmly. "David is different."

"Aw, you and your star boarder make me sick!" Granny grunted. "Think how tough it's been on me, marooned here, gosh knows how many miles from Broadway. Now my advice is go through with it and collect."

"It's time you and I said goodby," the girl flashed as she put on her hat and started for the door. "As far as I'm concerned, you can pack up your trunk and get out."

BEFORE Mary reached Lewiston, Dyke had another visitor—and a most unwelcome one. Deuce Wilson and his gang had kept sharp watch on the movements of the man who had double-crossed them. The minute the former entered the hotel room, Dyke knew that the battle was on.

"So you tried to lie me out of it!" Wilson greeted. "That ain't lucky for you. I've got the whole low-down. Tilton has gone abroad and locked his wife's sparklers in the safe where she can't touch 'em. It's five hundred grand for that diamond necklace—and I'm in. Unless we split, I jim the works." Both men turned as Mary hurried into the room. "Well, if it ain't little Marie Carlisi! How do you like your vacation up here with Granny and the boy friend?"

But Mary took no notice of Wilson. She was there for one purpose and she meant to accomplish it. The moment the door had closed upon the departing visitor, she confronted Dyke. She was through for good, she told him. When she had agreed to help him out, she hadn't understood, she hadn't realized the facts.

"All you've got to think about is what I tell you," Dyke said sternly. "Haven't I paid you and that old crow in advance? You've got your work assigned. Do it."

"But I went into this blindfolded," she pleaded. "I didn't realize what a trick it was until I met David—and I won't help you drag him back."

"Thanks, kid. I'm on the square. You'll get your bit—but we're walking out together. I'll be trailing you, so don't make one false step."

"Do you mean to tell me—Marie Carlisi—No, they fall in love with her but she doesn't with them. I waited a long time for him to get out of the cage."

"And I want him to stay out," Mary interrupted. "I'm quitting and you know he is. We're going to be married."

"After you finish this job, you can do as you please, but, if you make a wrong move—"

The door burst open and David rushed into the room. His eyes opened wide in surprise at sight of Mary in conference with Dyke. Then quickly the light of understanding dawned.

"Dyke didn't come up here for the races," he said slowly. "Are you working with him?"

"I wanted to tell you this today when you—" Mary looked up at him pleadingly. "I couldn't then, that's why I—"

"Save it for the next one," David returned roughly. "So it's all a phoney, the letter from Caleb, the cottage, my repairing the organ—a setup. Oh, what a sap I've been!"

Paying no attention to her low cry of "David," he turned and stalked into Dyke's bedroom beyond. He wanted to be alone, to think, to fight the greatest disillusionment of his life.

"Well, it looks as though he's in," Dyke commented with a smile of triumph.

"Can't you see he'd fall for anything now?" the girl asked desperately. "I tricked him, I lied to him. You couldn't have gotten him if I hadn't. I've got him into this and I'd do anything to get him out."

That was Dyke's cue. He promised Mary that, if she would go through with her part, he would let David off and use Caleb in his place.

"He's gotten time off for good behavior," he explained, "and I've been keeping him under cover in case anything went wrong. I hate to use anyone so old but I'll do it if you'll go through with your part."

Mary gave her promise. She would do anything to save the boy. With a lighter heart she went back to the cottage to await further instructions.

"I told her I was going to use Caleb tomorrow night," Dyke told Max when he entered a few minutes later.

"But Caleb's in the hoosegow," the latter reminded wonderingly.

"Exactly—and Dave's in there. Understand?" He turned and entered the bedroom where he found the boy looking gloomily out of the window after the departing Mary. "This trick's going to put you on easy street," he greeted. "Ten thousand dollars—not bad for a starter—and, if you want to make her comfortable—"

"Leave her out of it," the boy flashed angrily.

"Oh, all right, all right," Dyke agreed. "But it's so simple. It's a Continental box, your specialty.

(Continued on page 22)

Meet Dolores Ethel Barrymore, the new leading lady of the Barrymore-Costello household. No, she hasn't signed on the dotted line yet and now she is saying that all this talk of camera angles, closeups and the discussion of the proper young man to play opposite her are mere trifles that are making her, oh, so weary. And we have only one bone to pick with the young lady—she is keeping her lovely mother off the screen far too long. However, to make up for this, she is credited by report as being responsible for bringing to an end the three-year feud between the Barrymores and Maurice Costello, father of Dolores, which began when John was courting the former film favorite's fair-haired daughter. (Warner Brothers)

THAT'S THAT

By RUTH RAND

BENNY RUBIN is looking for a set of left-handed golf sticks to use in the filming of "Like Kelly Can". Benny, who knows little, if anything, about golf, is a South-paw. And Dorothy Jordan, besides taking her daily singing lesson, has to report to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot for golf instructions for her role in the same comedy. What is one fellow's play, is another fellow's work—and so it goes as the reels run on.

MOTION pictures are making an athlete out of Jack Oakie. He portrayed a baseball player in "Fast Company." In "The Social Lion", his first vehicle as a Paramount star, he fights a ring battle and plays polo.

"And, when I started in this picture racket," Oakie grumbles, "I thought all I had to do was make faces."

Jack is recovering rapidly from an operation for a throat infection.

NANCY CARROLL and Charles "Buddy" Rogers arrived in New York from Hollywood recently on the same train. Both youthful stars are to go to work in Paramount's New York Studio though not in the same picture. Buddy will star in "Heads Up" under the direction of Victor Schertzinger, with Victor Moore and Helen Kane. Nancy will star in "Laughter", to be directed by Harry D'Arrast from a story of his own.

* * *

THE screen favorites of the senior class at Princeton are, in order of popularity, Greta Garbo, who received 65 votes, Ruth Chatterton, 39, Norma Shearer, 39, and Joan Crawford, 18.

* * *

TO INSURE authenticity of settings and atmosphere for prison scenes of William Powell's new starring picture, "Shadow of the Law", Paramount secured a former convict to act as technical adviser while this action was being filmed. The man selected served time in Leavenworth and Atlanta but has been out of prison for some time and has established himself as a useful citizen whose chief aim in life is to warn others of the folly of breaking the law. One of his tasks was to coach Powell and the others portraying prisoners in the vernacular of the penitentiary.

As soon as the star completes his next picture, "For the Defense", he expects to go to Europe for a short vacation.

* * *

DOT FARLEY, popular comedienne, has written more than 350 scenarios, all of which have been produced by motion picture companies. Outside of her screen acting, this is Miss Farley's favorite pastime.

* * *

THE newest M-G-M all-talking, all-barking picture, featuring Jiggs and the experienced canine actors who played in "Hot Dog" and "College Hounds", will be titled "The Dogway Melody". This, it is understood, will be an elaborate presentation of backstage life, done in the best musical

Marion Nixon's current appearance on Broadway is in Warner Brothers' "Courage" but this didn't keep her from becoming thoroughly frightened when a bold, bad bandit entered a Santa Fe train and held up the passengers, making off with jewelry valued at $10,500 from Marion and $400 in cash from her husband, Edward Hillman, of Chicago.

comedy manner. It will contain a theme song, a bevy of beautiful canine chorines and all the other adjuncts expected in films of this nature.

* * *

FIFTEEN years ago Helen Twelvetrees was sent to bed without her supper for attending her first circus. A few weeks ago she was paid a movie star's salary for taking part in her second. The first episode occurred when Helen and several of her comrades at Brooklyn Heights Seminary played hookey from school to visit a circus that had pitched its tents in the environs of her native city. Unfortunately the principal of the school phoned Helen's mother, with the result that a rather unpleasant reception greeted the youthful truant on her return home, filled with pink lemonade and remorse. The second circus episode in Helen's life occurred when she was selected to play the leading feminine role in "Swing High", for Pathe.

* * *

ALTHOUGH she owns expensive automobiles, Norma Talmadge is riding in a carriage these days. And what a carriage! It is covered with gold leaf, padded with velvet, the interior lined with heavy brocade, a distinguished crest on the door panels, a footman at her command and a coachman to drive the two spirited coal-black horses. The reason for this mode of conveyance is Norma's "Du Barry", a screen story based on the love affairs of the noted siren.

Constance Bennett can look the unsophisticated high school girl just as readily as she can play the I-know-my-world lady on the screen. She is kept pretty busy on the Pathe lot but every once in a while she does manage to squeeze in the European trip permitted by her contract and, when she returns, well, some few trunks of clothes return with her—and how!

Ruth Chatterton made a skeptical world realize that there might be something in these talking pictures after all when she starred in "Madame X" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Now she is making another picture for that company, "The Lady of Scandal". And, whenever Ruth Chatterton is on the screen, there is something worth while. We wonder if she could give a bad performance if she tried very hard.

* * *

"LIKE all other good things, sleep can be abused," says Ann Harding, who declares that no one in good health should sleep more than eight hours out of the twenty-four.

Nine or ten hours may be permitted invalids or very thin women who are trying to put on weight but are far too many for the average person, according to

(Continued on page 32)

"Sure, the little girl has an Irish look about her. 'Twas only a minute ago she winked at me."

Just Around

By ETHEL

"YOU'RE a nice fellow. I like you. Anything else in the world is fifty-fifty—but not this baby. This baby is mine."

Benjamin Kaplan turned his gaze from his best friend, Patrick O'Grady, one of the city's finest, back to the wiggling little bundle that lay in a basket on the table before them and the light of possession gleamed in his eyes. It was a rainy night and he and Pat had been engaged in their usual game of checkers in a room in back of the pawn shop. Finally Pat had decided it was time to turn in and, as had been his custom for years, Benjamin had accompanied him to the door. There from the darkness on the step a faint wail had greeted them, a wail that came from the mite who was now the subject of discussion.

"I've got as much right to the baby as you have," Pat presented his side, "and I need a baby just as much as you do. Sure, the litle girl has an Irish look about her, anway. 'Twas only a minute ago she winked at me."

Kaplan knew that further argument was futile. He must share his new possession with his friend as they had shared everything for fifteen years, so he resigned himself to the inevitable. And a baby must have a name, even a baby that is abandoned on a doorstep. This was another matter for prolonged discussion. Rosie Kaplan, Bridget O'Grady —neither would agree to one of these and so again they compromised. Rosie O'Grady—that was the name of a song, a song that bore the lilt of Irish laughter, the sparkle of Killarney's own lakes. And Rosie was a good Jewish name. Everyone would call her Rosie and, in his own mind, Benjamin would always add Kaplan. He smiled at the thought. No one could punish him for thinking—and smiling.

AND so Rosie O'Grady gradually grew into young womanhood, as lovely as the name she bore, spoiled, petted and scolded by the two devoted fathers and dividing between them equally the love of her warm, grateful heart. But the day would come, they both knew, when they would have to share that love with a third, for very early most of the eligible youths of the neighborhood found the humble home of Benjamin Kaplan the most interesting place in the world to spend their idle moments. She would marry a nice Jewish boy, Benjamin decided, and his grandchildren would be reared in the faith of his fathers. Moe Levine, a hustling young chap who sold insurance, was his choice. But Patrick had different ideas. His son-in-law would have real Irish blood in his veins and his grandchildren would bear names that would be a pride to the force. Terry Callahan was an upstanding lad. To be sure, he sometimes wished that he wore the blue uniform but he was a prize fighter and might some day be a champion—and an Irishman loves a battle in any form.

And Rosie? Both the boys were good pals to her —though their jealousy often prevented their being on speaking terms with each other—and she teased them and favored them by turns but the depths of her young heart had never been touched.

Then one night both Moe and Terry claimed that she had promised each of them to accompany him to a neighborhood masquerade and, when the argument grew to white heat, they called upon the two fathers to settle it. Naturally the matter again resulted in a tie and Rosie herself became referee. They would all go together, the two fathers, and the two boys. It would be a family affair, all hostilities laid aside for the evening. Reluctantly Moe and Terry agreed. Even that arrangement would be better than losing Rosie's company entirely.

BUT, if the two suitors had visions of dividing the girl's attentions, they were doomed to disappointment. Early in the evening she was discovered by a handsome young chap in a chauffeur's uniform who had no trouble in reaching the conclu-

the Corner

ROSEMON

"We'll all go together—make it a family party."

sion that Rosie was by far the prettiest girl at the dance. He introduced himself as Tommy MacLean and in a masterful manner swept Rosie into his arms and out onto the floor, much to the chagrin of Moe and Terry. Before the evening was over, Rosie's new admirer aroused the latter's jealousy to such a pitch that he insisted upon engaging his rival in a fistial encounter which soon became a free-for-all and broke up the dance.

But Terry's ringside tactics did nothing to dampen the ardor of Tommy's admiration for his new acquaintance. The very next day a big shiny car of an expensive make stopped before the door of the pawn shop, much to the delight of the urchins at play in the street, and Rosie was soon seated at the side of the handsome young chauffeur. This was the first of many rides out into the green country. Rosie often questioned Tommy as to the kind of an employer who left him with so much leisure on his hands but the boy always laughed goodnaturedly. His boss was a prince, he very seldom used the car and had no objection to Tommy's taking it out for his own pleasure. Satisfied with his explanation, Rosie settled herself to enjoy the car —and Tommy—to the fullest extent.

IN THE meantime, Moe and Terry were gradually becoming united by a common grievance. Their jealousy of each other was now concentrated against the newcomer. If individually they could not show Rosie what she was losing by so lightly throwing over their attentions, they would do it together. Moe became Terry's manager. Working side by side, they would put the young fighter at the top of his class.

And Kaplan and O'Grady, too, became united in a common cause which had as its object the banishment of the intruder. They didn't know how but they'd get rid of him some way and leave the field open for Moe and Terry and let the better man win. The opportunity to put the first rift in Tommy's sail came sooner than they had dared hope. As Rosie was about to slip into her accustomed place beside Tommy one lovely spring afternoon, O'Grady, with the authority of being the patrolman on the beat, stepped up to the car.

"How long have you been parking here?" he asked.

"Ten or fifteen minutes," Tommy returned lightly.

"That car's been here an hour," O'Grady told him. "I've watched it."

"You're a—" Tommy began, but the policeman interrupted:

"That sort of stuff won't get you anything, MacLean. Let me see your license." His eyes opened wide in amazement as he read the name on the card the boy held up before him. "Thomas Sinclair," he repeated. "I thought your name was MacLean."

"My name is on that card," Tommy flashed.

"Huh, huh, you're a chauffeur and you live on Park Avenue!" O'Grady grunted sarcastically. "You must be puttin' in a lot of overtime."

"Come on, Rosie," Tommy urged, helping the girl into the seat beside him as the officer handed him a ticket. "There's something I want to tell you. Let's drive through the park."

"You can tell me all I want to hear by driving me just around the block, Mr. Sinclair," Rosie flashed. "I don't like people who change their names."

"But, dear, what difference does it make whether my name is MacLean or Sinclair?" he pleaded.

This is an adaptation of Columbia Pictures' screen presentation of the story and scenario by Jo Swerling, produced by Harry Cohn and directed by Bert Glennon, with George Sidney appearing as Benjamin Kaplan, Charles Murray as Patrick O'Grady, Joan Peers as Rosie O'Grady, Larry Kent as Tommy Sinclair, Charles Delaney as Terry Callahan, Jess DeVorska as Moe Levine, Fred Sullivan as Robert Sinclair and Harry Strang as Mac.

"Just this—I like MacLean and I don't like Sinclair. MacLean was a regular fellow with a regular job. As far as I can make out, Sinclair is just a loafer who happens to have money." The wealth of the Sinclairs of Park Avenue was known to everyone who read the daily papers.

"Of course, if you prefer your friends Callahan and Levine," Tommy began stiffly.

"That'll be all about them," Rosie interrupted him. "Terry can spank you with one hand behind his back and Moe didn't inherit any money. He's got brains enough to make it. He can outsmart you any day. You're not as good a man as either of them."

"I'm a better man than both of them," Tommy retorted, "and I can lick Callahan and I can outsmart Levine and some day I'll show you. Aw, now, Rosie"—his tone softened pleadingly as the girl stepped from the car—"where are you going?"

"Home," she called over her shoulder, "and I hope you enjoyed your slumming party."

She held her head proudly but, when she entered the door of the Kaplan home, the tears were streaming down her face. He had deceived her and she had liked him so much. She would never trust a man again. For the present, all joy and sunshine had gone out of her life.

But O'Grady and Kaplan had spent years planning ways to bring the laughter to her eyes and neither one proposed to stand idly by and see those eyes grow red with weeping, the merry little face lose its happy smile. They would call on the father of the young man who had brought the first shadow into their darling's life. What the wealthy and influential Robert Sinclair could do in the matter they had no idea. But they could at least bring the parental wrath down upon the head of the young man who had used the disguise of a chauffeur to win the heart of their Rosie.

Mr. Sinclair was amazed at the story of his only son's latest escapade. Borrowed his chauffeur's name and clothes to attend a party on the East Side and make love to their daughter, had he? He didn't blame the two gentlemen for being wrought up over his deceit and he'd take the matter in hand at once. And, in the midst of the discussion, Tommy, himself, entered the drawing-room. The elder Sinclair greeted him sternly.

"These gentlemen tell me that you've been masquerading as a chauffeur and forcing your attentions upon their ward."

"That's perfectly true," the son admitted. "I have been forcing my attentions on Rosie and I'm going to keep on. I expect to marry her."

"Apparently you haven't thought it worth while to take me into your confidence or ask my consent," the father flashed.

"I knew you'd give your consent when you saw Rosie." Tommy replied confidently.

"Perhaps I would," Sinclair told him, "but these gentlemen have something to say about it."

"You're darn right," Kaplan put in. "O'Grady and me—we've got different ideas about the sort of man we want Rosie to marry. Of course, O'Grady is all wrong, but on one thing we're unanimous—it ain't you."

"Why do you object to me?" Tommy queried.

"An honest man doesn't change his name or his character. You made Rosie believe you're a chauffeur, when all you are is a loafer. You've got no trade, you've got no ambition. As far as I can see, you've got nothin' but a rich papa."

"These gentlemen want you to keep away from the young lady and I order you to do it," his father added.

"Nobody on earth can order me to keep away from Rosie, not even Rosie."

"In that case," Mr. Sinclair closed the interview, "you'll have to shift for yourself."

AT THIS time Moe was looking for an opponent to meet Terry in the ring. Tommy heard about it and considered it an opportunity sent from heaven. He sought out Moe and posted five thousand dollars that he could put his man to sleep in eight rounds. When Terry heard about it, he laughed uproariously but to Moe it was no laughing matter. His contract with Terry called for a fifty-fifty split of the proceeds and Moe was already spending his twenty-five hundred. In addition, he busied himself making up a pool for Terry and found it no difficult matter to get five to one against the young swell from Park Avenue.

By the time Rosie learned of the arrangements, the papers were all signed. The next time Tommy called at the pawnshop she received him frigidly but her heart was torn by fear. Tearfully she voiced it the moment the door had closed upon the crestfallen Tommy.

"That boy'll be killed. It isn't fair," she sobbed. "I'll stop that fight if I have to burn down the building."

"Listen, Rosie," Kaplan tried to comfort her, "that swindler who called himself MacLean ain't worth your tears. He's no good—even his own father says so."

"His own father?" the girl repeated in amazement. "How do you know?"

Kaplan had let the cat out of the bag and there was nothing to do but go through with it. Haltingly he told her of the visit to the Park Avenue home and of its dire results to the boy. As she listened, her eyes grew bright with anger at the thought of the old men's interference but at the same time a plan of action formulated itself in her mind. Perhaps Mr. Sinclair would join her in her efforts to stop the fight which could result only one way when an amateur went into the ring against a husky professional like Terry Callahan.

With some misgiving she prepared for her visit to Park Avenue. But Mr. Sinclair received her courteously and listened attentively while she told her story.

"He's fighting a professional, a man who makes a business of fighting, a man who hates him and

wants to hurt him. He'll be badly beaten," she explained.

"Suppose he is," the father said quietly. "It may be good for him."

"What sort of a parent are you?" she retorted angrily. "How can you sit there and say a thing like that?"

"May I ask what is your interest in the matter?" Mr. Sinclair inquired, hiding his amusement behind a grave face.

"No interest at all," she told him. "I'd do the same if I saw a big dog fighting a little one. It isn't fair. It's cruel. It won't be a fight, it'll be a murder, I tell you."

Then Mr. Sinclair pointed out to her that it was the first time he had ever seen his son do anything definite. The five thousand dollars he had posted with Moe Levine he had dug up himself, without any help from his father. That in itself was a miracle, and another miracle might happen. She was to stop worrying and let matters take their course. It might be a good fight, for Tommy had won quite a reputation as a boxer at college. Anyway, he'd like to see it and he would enjoy the evening even more if he might act as the escort of Miss Rosie O'Grady.

ON THE night of the fight the hall was packed to the doors and betting was in full swing, with the odds still five to one against the Park Avenue amateur. Kaplan and O'Grady had ringside seats and sat with their eyes fastened nervously on the arena long before operations began. Rosie spied them the moment she entered the hall.

"They've got all their savings on the fight," she whispered to Mr. Sinclair. "I asked them to let me place the bets for them and they did."

"Whom were they betting on?" he asked.

"Callahan."

"H-mmmmmmm!" He gave her a wary look. "And you placed the bets, eh?"

But the announcer's voice put an end to any further conversation.

"In this corner, the terrible Terry Callahan, the pride of Yorkville, and, in this corner, Sock Sinclair, the pride of Park Avenue. The boys are shaking hands. You'd think they're the best of friends the way they're smiling at each other. But it's a grudge fight, folks. Callahan is in splendid shape. They're at each other now. Ouch! Callahan is on top of Sinclair. He's all over Sinclair. Sinclair is wobbling. It's a fight, folks. The Park Avenue kid's game. He wants more. There's the gong. The end of the first round."

"Has he got anything?" Moe whispered to Terry as he bent over him in his corner.

"He's just a shock absorber," the fighter answered confidently. "I can let him have it on the button any time I like, but we've got to give the customers a break."

"Never mind the customers," Moe warned. "Give me a break."

"See you all later, folks."

The gong sounded and both boys rushed at each other with renewed vigor. It was the most exciting fight that hall had ever witnessed and at the end of the sixth round the spectators were clawing and hugging each other in turn.

"We're coming up for the seventh round in the fastest fight these old eyes have ever seen," the announcer shouted gleefully. "We're going to need fingerprints to find out who won the fight. Both men's faces are beaten to a pulp. They're both all in. They can't last another round. Here they go."

A moment later the referee was standing over a form sprawled flat on the canvas. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven! The prone figure did not move. Eight, nine! The referee reached over and held up the hand of the young man standing beside him, panting, battered and bruised. Tommy Sinclair had won his first fight.

"CONGRATULATIONS!" Kaplan said mournfully, entering Tommy's dressing-room where Rosie was bathing the swelling eyes while the elder Sinclair stood by, gazing proudly at his son. "I knew all along you could lick that feller."

"That's why you bet on Terry," O'Grady put in sourly.

"You don't look happy, either of you," Rosie commented mischeviously.

"Why should we?" Kaplan asked. "We bet all the money we had in the world on Callahan. Pfui! All our money on a push over!"

"What did you tell me when you gave me that money?" the girl asked.

"I said, 'Put it all down on your future husband,'" Patrick told her gloomily.

"I did," Rosie laughed merrily. "And I got five to one, too. I bet on Tommy. You won about twenty-four thousand dollars."

(Continued on page 31)

MAMBA

By
JOSEPH JORDAN

(Helen von Linden, one of Berlin's fairest daughters, married August Bolte, the richest plantation owner in New Posen, a German possession in East Africa, in order to save her father, Count von Linden, who was hopelessly involved in debt. Before she started for New Posen, which was to be her future home, the lovely bride gave her husband to understand that their marriage was to be one in name only. Bolte, known to whites and blacks alike as Mamba, a deadly African snake, was content to abide his time until he would have her alone and at his mercy in a country where his wealth made his wishes law. Hated by both the Germans and the English of the army posts who, with no thought of war between them, kept up a social intercourse that made their absence from their native land bearable, Mamba soon revealed his true character to his bride. When the daughter of the native chief, Hassim, whom he had dishonored, came to beg aid for her child, he struck her with such force that she fell from the porch. The resulting death of both the black girl and her baby incensed the natives and boded no good for the white residents of the posts. Witnessing her husband's cruelty toward Hassim's daughter, Helen's fear of him increased and the thought of her life in New Posen became a horror. The only comforting factor was the presence of Major Karl von Reiden whom she had met on her honeymoon voyage and who, she knew intuitively, reciprocated the attraction she felt for him. She looked forward with pleasure to the party her husband was giving in her honor, for she would see the handsome young officer again. Though neither post had ever included the hated Mamba in their social gatherings, they all accepted the invitation to meet his wife, for news of her beauty and charm had spread among them. Bolte swelled with pride. He knew what attraction was bringing them to his home for the first time—and that attraction belonged to him, purchased with his money. He commanded her to wear her most becoming gown, for he wished the hatred his proud German and English neighbors bore him to be tinged with envy that the loveliest woman at the post bore his name.)

ON THE evening of the party, Mamba did not see Helen until the first of the guests had arrived—Colonel von Schultz and his wife, Major von Reiden and other ladies and officers from the German garrison. When she entered the room, he gazed at her aghast with admiration and aflame with desire. She had never appeared so beautiful, so desirable to him. Her gown of blue was in perfect harmony with her natural coloring, and her girlish figure seemed moulded into it. She charmed her guests with her graciousness as a hostess and gave herself up to the care of the women, leaving the men to the crude hospitality of her husband. She served them their appetizers personally and regaled them with the latest gossip of Berlin, the orchestra, meanwhile, playing German waltzes. She responded to the toasts of the men and tipped her glass merrily to them. Her conquest of them was complete.

There were not many women in the two army posts, so the party was not a large one. Helen conceived a great fancy for the wife of Colonel Cromwell and liked her husband from the start. All the men were so different from her husband that comparison was inevitable. He welcomed each guest in a boisterous manner and insisted upon everybody's drinking champagne and everybody quietly snubbed him.

"The swine!" he confided to Joe when he sought him to give his final instructions for dinner. "They're not used to champagne. Well, see that there is plenty of it and see that my wife's glass doesn't remain empty."

"Yes, Governor," the major-domo replied.

"And don't forget that you and all the servants are to leave the house as soon as the reception is over."

"Yes, Governor. I've given the orders already."

VON REIDEN sought Helen as soon as she could detach herself from her women guests.

"One cocktail with you, Frau Helen," he begged. "You are making the night glorious."

"With pleasure, Major," she answered with a smile. "Let me pour it."

As she approached the serving table, most of the men gathered about her and Karl, with the result that she had to pour for everybody.

"You serve the German Army," Von Schultz told her.

"Ever to you," Karl whispered as he raised his glass.

She acknowledged his toast with her eyes and barely tasted the cocktail, while he drained his glass. The orchestra played a languorous waltz and he held out his arms to her. They floated away in the rhythm of the dance.

"You're glorious," he told her when they were beyond the hearing of the rest. She blushed at the warm candor of his declaration and her eyes smiled into his. "I love you," he breathed.

"Don't, Karl," she begged, a little alarmed.

"Always, Helen."

Bolte observed them and put the worst possible interpretation on the words he couldn't hear.

"But she belongs to me, the fool," he muttered under his breath. "I'll show them." Then, as the dancing became general, he was left alone and ordered dinner served immediately. "I have every-

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This is an adaptation of the Tiffany screen presentation of the story by F. Schumann-Heink and John Reinhardt. Tom Miranda and Winifred Dunn wrote the scenario and dialogue and Al Rogell directed, with Jean Hersholt appearing as August Bolte, Eleanor Boardman as Helen von Linden, Ralph Forbes as Karl von Reiden, Josef Swickard as Count von Linden, Claude Fleming as Major Cromwell, William Stanton as Joe, William von Brincken as Major von Schultz, Noble Johnson as Hassim, Hazel Jones as Hassim's daughter, Arthur Stone as the British soldier and Torben Meyer as the German soldier.

thing that is good," he told his guests, "roast beef and Scotch for the English, and chicken and champagne."

He drank his wine from a beer stein and told his hearers that it was the best this side of the Rhine. Helen, who sat opposite him at the foot of the table, blushed with embarrassment, but Colonel Cromwell, at her left, hastened to her aid.

"We don't mind him," he said, and she thanked him with a look.

A little later there was a commotion on the porch and all eyes were turned in that direction as Hassim, father of the girl whose death Bolte had caused, threw open the door.

"Mamba," he cried, "you have killed my daughter! What are you going to do?"

The guests arose to their feet. Mamba sprang from the table, disappeared for a moment and returned with his blacksnake whip in his hand.

"I'll show you, you black dog!" he yelled, his face that of a fiend.

He plied the lash about the black man's shoulders, his body and head. The women screamed, the men stood tense until Hassim, with a fearful cry, sprang through the door and leaped from the porch.

"You brute!" Mrs. Cromwell cried.

"Monster!" one of the German women added.

Helen stood as if turned to stone.

"Sit down, sit down," Bolte ordered, throwing the whip to the floor. "It's the only way to treat those dogs. More champagne, Joe, more champagne."

"I think we must go," Von Reiden said.

"There's nothing else to do," Colonel Cromwell agreed.

"Bolte," Dr. Webber said sternly, unable to contain himself, "you have raised more trouble in New Posen than ten devils. You killed this chief's daughter and, when he seeks redress, you flog him. Your action will stir up these savages to an insurrection, putting the lives of the white men, women and children in jeopardy. And you do it to gratify the passions of a man made mad by enormous wealth. We men will do our best to protect the women and children, but, when the uprising reaches your gates, you protect yourself—and damn you for a worthless hound!"

"You're crazy," Bolte retorted, swallowing a stein of champagne. "These dogs are afraid of me and this is how I keep them so."

The guests began moving out of the room and gloom settled over the house. Bolte abruptly left the table and disappeared into the pantry. Helen staggered rather than walked after the departing guests, and Von Reiden went to her and put his hand under her arm to support her.

"I'm sorry," she gasped.

"You've nothing to be sorry for," he said.

"We're sorry for you, Mrs. Bolte," one of the women sympathized.

"You do love me, Helen?"
"I have no right to, Karl, but I do—and I cannot help it."

The words were meant kindly but they cut Helen like a knife. In Berlin her girl friends had expressed envy at her wonderful alliance, the wealth and high station that would be hers. She had seen enough of her husband's character to loathe him; she could never be a wife to him. And these women who lived in Africa were pitying her. She felt something like contempt for herself, and only her strength of character prevented her from crying out aloud. She resented being pitied, but the spirit that had prompted the sacrifice that she had made for an unworthy father was not easily broken down. She bade her new friends goodby mechanically but with an innate dignity. The wife of Colonel von Schultz lingered to the last. Several years her senior, she looked upon the young bride as her mother might have and the girl's eyes grew misty beneath her scrutiny.

"Helen," she said, "you won't take amiss the words of an older woman. I read your heart and I know you are not happy with this ogre. I want you to know that I am your friend and that, if anything should happen, my house is your home."

Simple words and direct, they were comforting to this beautiful exile. She felt that a great burden had been lifted from her heart. She released the hand that held hers and threw both arms around the older woman's neck and impulsively kissed her. Mrs. von Schultz strained her to her bosom and patted her cheek. Then, with her arm across Helen's shoulders and with Helen's about her waist, they walked through the door and down the steps to the veldt.

Von Reiden followed them, his eyes, love-hungry, almost devouring the girl. Von Schultz was at the foot of the steps with his carriage.

"The night is warm but soft," said Mrs. von

Schultz. "Drive with us to the barracks and Karl can bring you back."

Helen readily assented.

The beating of tom toms sounded faintly in the distance, and Colonel von Schultz started.

"What's that?" he demanded.

"Villagers starting their dance to the moon," Von Reiden returned. "It might be a matter of diplomacy to go down to it."

It was so decided and Helen found herself much interested in the strange ritual, the dancing and crooning of the natives. The flight of time went by unheeded. Karl drove her home after leaving the Colonel and his lady at the barracks.

"It has been a wonderful night to me," he told her and quite unconsciously his disengaged hand went about her shoulder.

"Please, Karl," she remonstrated, shrinking from him, "I can't stand it."

"I beg your pardon, Helen," he said, removing his hand. "It is hard to resist with love so near. You do love me, Helen?"

"I have no right to Karl, but God knows I do and I cannot help it."

"No man could ask more and I would be unworthy of you if I didn't find a way."

He kissed her hand as they parted and she let herself into the house by a side door.

The light was low in the living-room but she made out the figure of her husband at the table which was still set as the guests had left it. Bolte rose to his feet. He was drunk.

"Haw!" he growled. "So you're the one that was too good for me! But you belong to me, for I bought and paid for you."

"You bought my body but you didn't buy my soul."

"To hell with your soul! I want your body, and I tell you what's mine I don't let anybody else borrow."

"You disgusting brute!"

"Your big words don't fool me. I know that you just came from the arms of your toy soldier."

"You lie, and I won't remain in your company."

"Oh, yes, you will," he retorted with a sneer as he picked up the whip. "What I own I put my mark on." Her blood ran cold and she gazed at him in horror. Did he mean to strike her? Would he dare? He showed his teeth in a sardonic grin. "I'm going to flog you like any of my other servants. And you're the only servant in the house. You had your good time; now I'm going to have mine."

"Bolte," she cried, her spirit aroused to its highest pitch, "if you raise that whip to me, I will kill you!"

"Bah!" he retorted. "Get down on your knees. I'll make a good wife of you." He advanced toward her with the whip upraised. She screamed in terror. He was between her and the door of her room, and she ran to the other side of the table, then to the door leading to the porch. It was locked, and she was trapped. "I prepared for everything," he jeered. "Take off that dress. No? Well, I'll take it off with this whip."

He raised his hand above his head, and Helen realized that escape was impossible. But the lash never reached her quivering flesh. A door slammed and into the room from the direction in which she had entered, Karl von Reiden sprang like a panther, his eyes blazing like two live coals. With a right-hand punch he sent Mamba reeling and the whip flying from his grasp. Von Reiden picked up the blacksnake. Mamba steadied himself against the table, and, his eyes gleaming with hate, screamed:

"I'll have you broke for this, you adulterer!"

"By God, I'll kill you!" Von Reiden cried as he twined the pliant whip around Bolte's shoulders, on his head, about his body, across his face. The air was filled with his shrieks, curses, screams and groans. His threats soon became appeals for mercy but fell on deaf ears. Von Reiden put all his strength into his blows and never ceased until Mamba fell to the floor, unconscious.

Helen stood, her face deathly white, her hands clasped to her breast, incapable of movement and powerless to interfere. It is doubtful if she would have interfered if she could, outraged as she had been by Mamba's cruel taunts and the thoughts of what he had planned to submit her to. She had reverted to the primitive. She would have been less the woman had she found fault with the methods adopted by her champion and lover.

Karl looked down contemplatively upon the inanimate form of the human brute and flung the whip upon the writhing body, then turned to Helen, and their eyes met. His were still smouldering with passion and his mood was fierce. He crossed to where she was standing, and, without a word, took her in his arms and kissed the lips he loved. She offered no resistance; it seemed most natural.

His kisses thrilled her. They were the first she had ever received from a man she loved, and she returned them with fervent ardor. Her hand sought his cheek and her lips lay upon his. They had found their heaven. He pushed her away slightly, then drew her back to him. He kissed her eyes, her cheeks, her forehead, then her lips again.

"Darling," he murmured.

"Sweetheart," she whispered, "at last."

"For all time, dearest," he said. "In the sight of God, we are man and wife."

"Not yet, dear heart," she smiled.

"Bless you, bless you, my darling! Love will find a way." Then he became practical; he was the soldier again. "Well," he said brusquely, " I suppose we ought to do something for the brute. I'll call the servants."

"There are no servants," she told him. "He sent them away so that he could have me alone."

He frowned.

"Then let him take care of himself. But what about you?"

"I will be all right," she answered. "There is a strong lock on my door."

"He won't bother you tonight, no, not for many a night. But I will leave this with you." He handed her a small Derringer. "The slightest pressure of the finger will discharge it, and, when you shoot, take no chances. Remember, my darling, it is your life or his."

"I will not be afraid, Karl."

"And now I must say good night, sweetheart, although I hate to leave you alone."

"Don't be afraid for me. I will be all right."

He kissed her and was gone.

HELEN retired to her room but not to sleep. The excitement of the night had finally brought its reaction, and her nerves were distraught and her heart was galloping. She changed her gown for a negligee and, turning up her lamp, tried to read. The words in the book became a blur, and she laid the volume down and, walking to her window, looked across to the shadows of the barracks that held her lover. Then on the air came the weird sounds of the jungle, the hissing of snakes, the roar of lions and the snarl of tigers, the sound of combat and the crashing of heavy bodies, the shrill cries of non-combatants, hell turned loose.

Helen did what most men would have done under similar circumstances; she had recourse to a drink. In her negligee and slippers she went out into the living-room. She wasn't quite sure just what she wanted to drink until her eyes fell upon four quarts of champagne, none of them open and all still cold. That decided her, and speedily she popped the cork of one of them and filled a foaming glass.

"To my Karl!" she exclaimed, unafraid and unashamed.

The form of her husband lay still unconscious. She paid no attention to it. Her heart was filled with thoughts of her lover and high with hopes for the future. She retired again to her room and was soon asleep.

Mamba finally came to consciousness in the early hours of the morning when the effects of his drinking had worn off, sore in body and with an aching thirst. He tried to get up, but was unable to and his efforts brought evidences of the whipping he had received. He writhed in pain and filled the air with curses. He called for Joe and received no answer, then remembered that he had sent the servants away.

The happenings of the night came to him in nebulous shape, his encounter with Helen and his belief that she had spent hours in the arms of Von Reiden, his accusation and her defiance and his attempt to flog her. The whip lay across his body. Then came the vision of Von Reiden and the flogging he had intended for Helen administered to him. He groaned again and cursed the soldier and

Karl sprang at Bolte like a panther, his eyes blazing like two live coals.

swore vengeance against him. For two hours he groaned and cursed and writhed. Then the servants began to arrive, but they brought him no relief.

Joe came at last and received the sore man's curses. But no lotions were to be found in the house. Two of the servants carried him to his room after Joe had given him a glass of brandy and despatched a boy to the village for the town doctor.

Mamba was confined to his bed and the sweltering heat didn't tend to lessen his sufferings or his thoughts of revenge. He lay and tossed for many days, happy days for Helen. She refused to see him, although he commanded her to do so. Her days and nights were spent at the army post and in the British quarters beyond the border. And, where she was, there was always Karl von Reiden.

No one at either post knew of the happenings after the sensational ending of Helen's reception. But the natives had heard through the servants, and the news was a delightful bit of gossip, though it did not serve to abate in the least their hatred of the whites. They went ahead, under cover, hatching their conspiracy.

And then, when the uprising was boiling and both British and Germans were watching every move of the natives, out of a clear sky came the news that England had declared war against Germany.

What will become of Bolte's unhappy wife when the two posts are arrayed against each other? For the next installment of this serial see Moving Picture Stories dated June 24th.

Consult MYSTIC MYRA

She Sees All, Hears All, Knows All, and, If She Doesn't, She'll Find Out

Dear Myra:

I was very much interested in learning what had become of some of the old favorites of the screen and now I want to know something on my own. What has happened to Eddie Polo who used to put up such a good fight in the old serials?

Tony L.

When last heard from, Eddie was touring Germany with a circus.

Gary Cooper has become an extra again. An incident in his starring picture, "The Texan," was filmed in the Sierra-Nevada Mountains where "The Border Legion" troupe was on location. In a spare hour, Gary rode over to visit Richard Arlen, Jack Holt and other friends of the cast. Directors Otto Brower and Edwin Knopf suggested that he ride in the next scene and he complied. Gary started his screen career as a cowboy extra in Westerns, you know.

Dear Myra:

I looked in vain for some mention of my favorite, Florence Lawrence, The Biograph Girl. Do you know where she is?

Helen.

Your favorite now conducts a cosmetic business in Hollywood.

* * *

Dear Myra:

I have been going to the Colony Theatre regularly to see the old Charlie Chaplin Comedies. I still get many a good laugh from them and think the gags are funnier than most of the comedies of the present day. Can you tell me what Charlie's next picture will be—and when?

George K.

I, too, have been getting my share of snickers out of the old comedies. The next release of the prince of comedians will be "City Lights". Word from the coast says that he has set June 15th as the finishing date of this picture but I cannot give you any inkling of the time that it will be released throughout the country.

* * *

Dear Myra:

Is there any truth in the rumor that Hope Hampton will return to the screen soon? I saw her on the stage and I think she would be lovely in the colored pictures they are making so much now.

Stella B.

I understand that, according to her present plans, Hope will sail for Europe early this month to sing with the Monte Carlo Opera Company opposite Gigli, famous Metropolitan tenor. I agree with you that her beautiful coloring would make her a great asset to the present Technicolor pictures. But Hope has worked hard to attain her present success in opera, so you can't blame her for wanting to enjoy the fruits of her labors.

Dear Myra:

Please tell me something about Lillian Gish, how tall she is, how much she weighs, where she was born, etc. Thank you!

Helen.

You're welcome! Lillian Gish weighs one hundred and eight pounds and is five feet four and one-half inches tall. She was born October 14, 1898, in a small house on Scott Street, Springfield, Ohio, Her great-grandfather was Samuel Robinson, Ohio state senator. Mary Pickford is responsible for her breaking into the movies. Mary took her to the Biograph Studio and introduced her to D. W. Griffith. The first picture she made was "The Girl and the Lily". The cast of the picture listed her as "The Girl".

* * *

Dear Myra:

I saw a new young man on the screen last week in "Devil's Holiday" and I thought he was a winner. He played the young chap opposite Nancy Carroll. Can you tell me something about him?

Bessie.

That "winning" young man is Philip Holmes, son of the noted actor, Taylor Holmes. Just about a year ago, he left Princeton to take a part in Buddy Roger's college film, "Varsity". After seeing his performance in the Nancy Carroll picture, you can readily understand why he has remained in the film colony.

* * *

Dear Myra:

Can you tell me something about Larry Kent? I like to know about my picture favorites.

Grace.

Larry Kent was born on an ocean liner after it had left Liverpool. He received his education in California, completing it at the University of California. He made his picture debut in 1924.

Lives of the Great

By HOWARD CURTIS

ANITA PAGE'S story is as romantic as any film. It might be said that she was a school girl dreaming of fame one day and a famous actress the next. That wouldn't be quite true, but it would come near enough to the truth to satisfy most persons. It is a fact that Anita, whose family name is Pomares, was a pupil at Washington Irving High School in New York City in 1927, a leading woman in the movies in 1928 and a Baby Wampas Star for 1929.

Anita was born in Murray Hill, Flushing, L. I., where her father had an electrical contracting business. After finishing public school in that suburb, she went to Washington Irving High School to continue her education. When she was fifteen, with hair the color of a newly minted penny, big, melting, sea-blue eyes and a complexion that still is the envy of most feminine beholders, she told her mother that she wanted to be an actress. Mrs. Pomares, who had had the same ambition when she was a girl, did not discourage her daughter. Instead, she arranged for Anita to be absent temporarily from school and took her to a studio on Long Island, where, through business connections of her husband, she obtained for her a small part in a film called "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em".

The idea of Mrs. Pomares had been that a brief experience in a small role and a taste of the difficulties in the way of success would dampen Anita's ardor. But it was a wrong idea. The daughter announced that she was going to be a screen player now, no matter what happened. Mrs. Pomares, who had hoped that Anita would develop her talent for drawing, resigned herself to the situation and made an agreement that she would help her in every way possible to realize her ambition if she would finish high school.

If Anita's mother's plans had carried through, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player would now be painting pretty ladies instead of giving to the screen the lovely picture of her own golden self.

On the lawn of her Hollywood home, Anita referees a friendly bout between her father and brother, while her mother looks on.

Anita fulfilled her part of the bargain, appearing now and then as a dancer at benefits and studying acting in her spare time. Immediately after her graduation, she wanted to go to California. Mrs. Pomares, however, suggested that it would be better to see New York agents first. This plan was followed. The manager of a new screen company saw her and gave her a film test. He offered her a contract and, on advice of her lawyer, she signed it. This company made two pictures which never were released. When it disbanded shortly after it moved to the West Coast, Mrs. Pomares decided it was wise to remain in California, so she secured a release of Anita's contract. Her first screen name, by the way, was Anita Rivers.

While she was seeking work in pictures on the Coast, Mal St.

(Continued on page 31)

Double Cross Roads

(Continued from page 9)

All you have to do is open the safe, take out the real necklace and substitute this imitation. It's a perfect dupe. It won't be discovered for months. Everything is fixed to the minute and there's no danger."

THE elite of Lewiston filled Mrs. Tilton's home the next evening, for her entertainments were always interesting and this one promised to surpass all the rest. She had left the arrangements completely in the hands of her attorney, Gene Dyke, who had attended to every detail. The extra servants were, of course, his own men, masquerading as butlers and waiters—and Marie Carlisi was the chief entertainer.

"Be sure that Mary doesn't see Dave," Dyke whispered as he passed Max who was in charge of the extra servants.

Just then a familiar voice that came from a waiter who had not been of Dyke's hiring inquired:

"Scotch or rye, sir?"

"No, thanks," Dyke said sternly, recognizing Deuce Wilson.

"Then how about a split, sir?" the waiter persisted.

"What I said goes," the gang leader returned under his breath.

"Very well, sir." The threat in Wilson's voice was not veiled by his words and Dyke knew he must be doubly on his guard.

"He'll wait outside and hijack us," he confided to Max.

And all Dyke's precautions to keep Mary from seeing David until the job was pulled were futile. She came upon the boy pretending to busy himself in the room where the safe was located and her heart stood still at the discovery of the trick that had been played on her.

"He's a lying double-crosser to get you into this, Dave," she flashed.

"He hasn't double-crossed anybody," the boy told her sullenly. "I'm here because I want to be."

"Oh, don't fall for Dyke," she pleaded. "He'll use you while he plays safe. You'll get it again. Oh, David, won't you believe me?"

"Why should I believe you?" he asked coldly. "I'm through being a sap. I'm in the game for all I can get."

"Dyke promised me that, if I went through with it, he'd let you off and use Caleb instead. You double crosser," she cried as Dyke himself joined them.

"Do you want him shot or sent to jail?" the man asked sternly. "Unless you go out there and sing and hold their attention, they'll come in here and catch him with the goods. I'm after this touch and no one's going to stop me. Are you going through?"

Mary knew that, if she refused, it would be all up with Dave. Forcing a smile to her lips, she walked out onto the stage that had been erected in the garden and started to sing, her eyes fastened on the library window through which she could see David fumbling about the wall in search of the safe. How could she get a message to him, convince him that she really cared, that she really wanted him to go straight? Stopping suddenly in the middle of her song, "Big Boy, I'm All Aflutter," she turned to the orchestra.

"Sing 'Lonely Heart' with me," she pleaded.

Wonderingly they complied with her request. Her own heart was in her voice as she sang the words that filled the garden and echoed in the room where David was working:

"All my dreams of the future are so bright,
Are calling to you through the dark of the night,
If you are near, I know you'll hear
The song of my lonely heart."

How many times she had sung that song to him in the garden under the stillness of the trees after Granny had gone to bed! And the boy heard and understood—and believed. He was just about to turn from the safe and resume his duties as waiter when a gun was pressed against his side and a voice whispered in his ear:

"You rats can't double-cross me. Get to work."

"Not a chance," Dave replied, wheeling and facing Wilson.

"Get to work or it'll be the blow-off." The gun was pressing closer to his side now.

"Why take me?" Dave questioned. "I didn't double-cross you.

"No, but this trick depends on you, so get busy and work fast," Wilson commanded.

"I'm not going through, even for them," the boy told him.

"Aw, don't con me," the man sneered.

"David, David," Mary cried, running into the room.

"So that's it!" Wilson eyed them understandingly. "Unless you open that box, I'll blow the two of you, so it's up to you."

"I'll do it," David agreed.

"David, don't," Mary sobbed.

"Cut it," Wilson warned. "Thanks, kid," he whispered as David opened the safe and dropped the necklace into his hand. "I'm on the square. You'll get your bit but we're walking out together. Go ahead. I'm trailing you, so don't make one false step."

"Got them?" Dyke queried, rushing into the room without seeing Wilson.

"Quiet, you!" the latter commanded. "Turn around and walk straight to the car, all together."

With his gun covering them from underneath Mary's cloak which was thrown across his arm, they passed through the assembled guests and out to the automobile entrance. There, in the shadow, a car filled with Deuce Wilson's men was waiting for him. His gun still leveled at the others, he got into the car. As it started up, he called over his shoulder:

"You were right, Dyke. There won't be any split. I got the sparklers—but don't forget one of your mob opened the box."

When the car had turned the corner, Dyke jumped into his own machine and, with Max at the wheel, started after it at top speed.

"Now is our chance," Dave whispered to Mary as the two cars disappeared in a cloud of dust. "Come on."

"What are we going to do now?" she whispered, taking her place beside him in the car.

(Continued on page 30)

HELPING HEARTS CLUB

Conducted by ROSEMARY LEE

Pals O' Mine:

My delayed mail is growing heavier and heavier. Know why? In making out your cards, many of you neglect to put your pen name with your own name and address. To be sure, you sign your pen name to your letter but you can see that, in the bags of mail that find their way to this department, the cards, unattached, are apt to become mixed and it is difficult to figure out whether Mary Smith is Sunshine Mary or Mary from California. I am running in this issue a Delayed Mail Department. If you see any letters for you listed there, send for them at once, addressing your communication to the Delayed Mail Department and giving both your pen name and your own name and address. Do this immediately, darlings, as the writers are wondering why you haven't answered their notes.

ROSEMARY LEE.

* * *

Delayed Mail

Bill from Brooklyn, Nancy from Providence, Lad of Minnesota, Billy of Ohio, Dick of Minnie, Dreamy Blue Eyes, Just Irene from St. Louis, Dimples of Missouri, Dolly of Lover's Lane, Chum of Chicago, Betty Blue, Betty of England, Lonesome Boy from Kansas, Lonely Girl of Wisconsin, Catherine from Milwaukee, Vi of Detroit, Soldier Boy of New Jersey, Ann of Wallington, Wonder State Girl, Rosie of Maine and Blondy of West Somerville.

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

How about giving me a chance in your H. H. C.?

I would just love to hear from some boys and girls that I do not know, friends around my own age. I am eighteen years old, five feet, two inches, pitch black hair, blue eyes, weigh 99 pounds. (I just weighed myself today.)

Believe me, Miss Lee, you surely must be full of fun, judging from the answers you give to the letters sent in. You know I would just love the opportunity of meeting you, but I guess that's out of the question.

Wonder if there would be any chance of my getting in touch with JN, that radio telegraphy boy. He seems to be just the kind of a fellow I would like to write to, but he might not like me—you never can tell.

You see I am not lonely, Miss Lee, but would like to hear from a few strangers. You know how it is.

Please let me know in the next issue whether I can hear from JN. If so, I will send you my real name and address. Here's hopin'.

Maddy from Jersey.

Your name and address should have accompanied your letter, Maddy. With the thousands of letters that are handled in this department, results cannot be guaranteed unless we all follow the rules. Why not write to JN? * * *

Barney Fagan, world's oldest dancer, compares his pet shoes, made twenty years ago, with a modern pair of "taps" held by Bessie Love. These shoes are estimated to have danced over 20,000 of the 108,500 miles statisticians say this stage favorite has covered in his seventy-five unbroken years of professional dancing.

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I happened by chance to read about your H. H. Club, and it appealed to me very much. May I join it? I find great fun in writing and receiving letters and I would like to correspond with numerous pen pals.

I am seventeen years old, five feet three inches tall, have a fair complexion, brown eyes and wavy auburn hair.

I am very fond of sports, books, music and travel. I would be awfully glad to hear from oodles of pen pals. Hoping that my expectations will soon be filled, I remain

Hilda of Hamilton

Three cheers for the little chance that introduced you to our club, Hilda!

Dear Miss Lee: * * *

I have been a constant reader of your Helping Hearts Club for the past year and would be very pleased to be welcomed as a member of your club.

I am a stenographer, twenty-three years old. I would like to hear from both sexes, age making no difference.

Looking forward to a heavy mail, I remain

Dot of Halifax.

It is always a pleasure to have boys and girls from the North join our club, especially when they type as beautifully as you do, Dot. But, then, that's one of your jobs in life, isn't it?

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I have been a constant reader of Moving Picture Stories, but I have only recently acquired a live interest in your club. Is it possible that I may join? I'd love to as nothing would please me more than having pen pals and writing and receiving letters. The idea sounds quite intriging to me and, personally, I think that you are a wonder to have gotten it up.

I suppose that I'd better describe myself first. I am nineteen years old, have red hair, brown eyes and am five feet two inches tall. I am interested in what sports they have here, but they do not have many.

The town I live in is quite dead in the winter and lively in the summer time as all the summer boarders are here, although most of the days are spent in doing nothing.

I sure would be thankful if you will let me know whether I may join your club. Hoping to hear from you soon, I am

Mary of Connecticut.

Your town must be pretty lively now, eh, Mary? And, by the time old Mr. Winter calls your way again, you'll have so many pen pals to take care of that you won't have time to think what season of the year it is.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I saw the letters from various members of your club and would like very much to have the address of the one who signs himself Lonely Doughboy.

What do I have to do to join your club?

I am enclosing a self-addressed letter for a reply. I would not like to have this published because I am rather shy and could not stand the inevitable kidding.

I am twenty-five years old, five feet two, a teacher. Please let me hear from you soon.

Phoebe of Illinois.

You see, Phoebe, I am disobeying your wishes and with very good reason. I never publish anything by which a pal can be identified as I know how some of my boys and girls feel about this phase of the club. Nor do I ever give out adresses. If, when you write to a pal, you wish to make your identity known, that is up to you. You are now a member of the club. Easy, isn't it? For the reason I have just stated, I cannot give you the address of Lonely Doughboy—and, anyway, all his letters have been coming back recently.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I am a constant reader of Moving Picture Stories and the most interesting part is the Helping Hearts Club. I wonder if there is room for one more lonesome heart in your wonderful club.

I am nineteen years old, have dark hair and gray eyes and fair complexion. I weigh one hundred and forty pounds and am five feet five. I love all kinds of sports, especially swimming and ice skating. I have many friends but no pen pals. Will some one please write to me? I promise to answer all letters promptly and the more I get the happier I shall be as I love to receive and write letters. I shall enjoy letters from both boys and girls. I would love to hear from Gus from Jersey, Cape Cod Margie, also The Texas Kid and anyone who will be a real pen pal. I promise to be one in return.

Lonesome Lou of Nova Scotia.

Why not write to the pals you mention? However, I have no way of getting in touch with Texas Kid as he left his former abode without giving Uncle Sam or me a forwarding address.

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

I have just finished reading a recent issue of Moving Picture Stories and would like to become a member of your club.

I would like to hear from pals who are interested in motion pictures. I am a stranger in New York City and very lonely and will gladly answer all letters that I receive. I have traveled for the past three years as a newsreel cameraman and would be happy to relate some of my experiences to other lonely pals.

Lonely Troubador.

What an exciting life must be yours, Lonely Troubador! I see where you're going to receive so many letters that we'll all have to work into the wee small hours to forward them.

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

I hope you can find an empty space for another member. I would just love to join and receive and answer letters from your members.

I am a young girl in my teens, have brown hair (curly) and blue eyes and am five feet five inches tall. I enjoy most any sports.

Miss Lee, I am now closing. Hoping I shall become a member of your club and get heaps of mail, I am

Babs of Lebanon.

And I hope you get your hope, Babs.

* * *

Dear Rose Pose:

How's zat? No offense—just another girl who wishes membership in your H. H. Club.

I'm sixteen, five feet one inch tall, blonde hair, blue eyes, a stenographer, crazy about dancing, ice-skating, roller skating, swimming, canoeing, parties, music and reading and, in fact, all sorts of interesting things.

I haven't read any recent M. P. S., so am not able to write to any new pals. I'm enclosing a letter to Edwin F. of Newark, also one to Tom of Minnesota, both names taken from December 24 issue. Thanks a lot for forwarding them, Rose Pose.

I promise faithfully to answer each and every letter I receive from either boys or girls.

Com'on, boys, give a little girl a great big hand! Do, please!

Here's wishing all of you more pals!

Happy-Go-Lucky Peggy.

How come you haven't read any recent issues of M. P. S.? What are we going to do with a pal who doesn't rush up to the news stand and sit up and beg for the magazine the minute it comes out?

(Continued on page 25)

Our School of Scenario Writing

Conducted by ANNE MAXWELL

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHT (Reviewed)

The Way For You To Begin Is—To Begin

A NUMBER of readers write that they do not know how to begin that play that they feel they have in mind. Well, the caption of this article is about the only way I know of. Once you get a start, you'll find your ideas flowing quite freely.

Question yourself. You probably know in general what characters you are going to use and what your play is to be about. Write a paragraph telling the action of some scene. As you go on, this may prove not to be the right place to begin your story but you can always change. As I have often said, plays are not written, they are **rewritten.**

Say, for instance, you are writing a plot about a young couple and their domestic differences. You may start with a breakfast scene which, peaceful at first, develops into a spat, with the young husband leaving in anger and the young wife crying as she clears the table. You write this series of scenes and later, as your play develops, you find it would be better to have the action begin at the country club dance the night before. Is there anything to prevent your writing in the earlier scenes and situations and using the breakfast scenes for later in the play? Later, still, as you write your plot, some better beginning may occur. Write it up.

Somewhere in your play, you may decide to have a rescue by the hero. Maybe, at first, you'll have him rescue some one from drowning. Later, you may decide that a fire rescue would be better. Write that up. Compare notes. Visualize both scenes. Which is the more effective? Which fits in better with the rest of your play action? Have you so drawn your hero that he would be likely to be Johnny-on-the-spot when a rescue is needed? If you have drawn him as a vacillating character, never quite sure of himself, he won't be likely to act upon impulse. Well, you'll have to change some of your situations so that he may seem the type of man who would perform the heroic when called upon or you may write them so that it is danger to a loved one that galvanizes him into action foreign to his real temperament. Either line is all right if you can register your meaning by the words you use.

The same is true of writing about your heroine. If she seems unreasonable, don't give her a father and mother marked by the reasonableness of their action or, if that is the character you want them to have, show that they, themselves, cannot account for her unreasonableness.

As your play progresses, you will find situations suggesting themselves to you. Just as in real life one situation leads to another, so it is in writing a play.

You will probably have a heavy in your plot. Try to think what particular sort of villainy this character would be likely to endeavor to accomplish. Would physical violence be his long suite, or is he the type that would plan crafty malice? You may find that it will be better to have this craft react upon himself to his undoing. This is always a popular type of heavy to draw. It gives untold satisfaction to an audience.

While you may plan to open with some big scene, it is well as you write to lead up to some bigger scene that will form the climax of your plot. Above all things, do not let your plot peter out. If you have to, you can begin with comparatively weak scenes, but you must have a thrilling situation for your climax. And, when you have reached this, do not write much after it. Many otherwise good plays suffer from an anti-climax, a weaker situation following a strong one and leaving the weaker impression with the audience. When a play is ended, it ought to be ended. I've seen film plays that ended and then began again, as it were, and ended again. One play I do not now recall by name ended just three times; that is, twice before it really ended it reached a situation where it should have stopped, but, alas, did not. Now, I am sure you will agree, that is bad playwriting.

This field is so vast that it is impossible to make any but the merest suggestions, for every one of you has a different plot in mind, but one point is sure, and that is, if you do not set pen or pencil or typewriter to paper and begin your play, you'll never finish it.

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Helping Hearts Club

(Continued from page 24)

My dear Miss Lee:

I would like to join your Helping Hearts Club. I am twenty-six years of age, six feet 1 inch tall and have dark wavy hair and blue-gray eyes. I am very lonely, having only a couple of boy friends, one of whom is working days in the hotel where I am

(Continued on page 32)

Montana Moon

(Continued from page 5)

"Goodnight, Montana," he said, rolling up in the saddle cloth so that he faced her.

"Goodnight, Larry," she replied as she closed her eyes.

Five minutes later she opened them and looked at Larry. His eyes were wide open and he was staring at her. She put out her hand from under the blankets and reached over toward him. He put his hand out, too, and, in this way, they fell asleep.

THE next morning after Larry had cooked breakfast and saddled his horse and packed his mule with his dunnage, he said to Joan:

"Well, Montana, I guess we got to be takin' different trails. I'm goin' on to Soda Springs."

"I'm going with you, Larry," she answered. "Soda Springs is just where I want to go."

He argued against this, but it was to no avail. Joan jumped on his horse and rode off and there was nothing for him to do but to get up on the pack mule and follow her. All that day and the next she was with him, halting and resting while he repaired the fences on his route.

On the night before they reached Soda Springs, they were finishing their evening meal before the fire.

"We'll get to Soda Springs sometime tomorrow, won't we?" Joan asked.

"Reckon we should," Larry answered.

"I'll be sorry," she said and paused, waiting for him to make some comment. He said nothing. "Won't you be sorry, too, Larry?" she asked.

"I calculate I will and I won't," he answered.

"You won't forget me completely?"

"That's the trouble. I reckon I'll find it all-fired tough to forget you even a little bit."

"Larry boy, I'll never forget you either—never for a single second."

"I ain't nothin' to be rememberin'—not as compared to them other fellars you must've knowed all yore life."

"Those other fellows," Joan laughed, "sallow, weak, pale lily-skinned apologies for men!"

"But we're different, Montana—me an' you—as different as—as—velvet and cactus," he protested.

"But, I'm a girl—and you're a boy, Larry," she said, looking at him tenderly.

"Montana, I don't know what it is—but I can't look at you without gettin' all juggled up kinda—"

He turned away, but she took his arm and held it, urging him to turn back to her.

"Me, too, Larry!" she said.

"Montana!" he cried with passion, taking her in his arms.

IN THE hot, dry office of the Justice of the Peace at Soda Springs, a voice was droning out the last lines of the wedding service. Joan and Larry stood in the center of the room, facing the fat and florid Justice of the Peace.

"Larry," Joan ventured when they were alone on the porch. "You're going to forgive me, aren't you?"

Larry turned a puzzled face to hers.

"Forgive you—for what? For makin' me the happiest galoot in Montana?"

"But, Larry, didn't you hear my name when the Justice asked me for it?"

"I didn't hear nothin'. All I could do was keep lookin' at you. Hold on—I did hear it! It was Pres—Say, you ain't—"

"That's just who I am—one of the Prescott brats."

"Come here," he commanded with a grin, rolling up his sleeves as if he were about to spank her. When she came up, however, he took her in his arms and hugged her. "Now you don't need to go worryin' 'bout bein' a Prescott no more," he said "'cause you're Mrs. Larry Kerrigan now! Gosh, your Dad's goin' to get plenty o' surprise out of this!"

JOAN'S honeymoon was an idyllic one. She and Larry followed the fences of the Prescott Bar L Ranch, and, while Larry worked during the day time, she found a shady spot to sit and watch him. At night they had the prairie to themselves. Beside their campfire they were as happy as they could be.

On the day that they were planning to reach the Prescott Ranch house where Mr. Prescott, Elizabeth and their friends were staying, Joan noticed that Larry seemed very despondent. Finally she asked:

"How far is it to home now, honey?"

"We ain't more than fifteen miles away from there," he answered glumly.

She did not notice this glumness as she enthused:

"Home! Gee—Dad—the kids—lights and music—and a soft bed to sleep in and a roof to cover us—and a bath!" She stopped abruptly as she saw Larry's face fall in dejection. "Why, Larry dear, what's the matter? You're not worried about what Dad is going to say, are you?"

"No, Montana," he told her, "it ain't that. I'm just puzzled 'bout takin' you back to the music and all the nice things. I ain't much competition for them things an'—"

"Don't be silly." She kissed him quickly. "I wouldn't trade you for all of New York with Grover Whalen, Hoboken and Brooklyn thrown in."

A few hours later, when darkness had already settled over the range, they rode up to the porch of the Prescott Ranch house. From the sounds of music that came through the open door, they realized that an impromptu party was in progress. As Joan entered, followed shame-facedly by Larry, she called out to the dancers on the floor:

"Hey! Hey!"

At her sudden appearance when every one thought that she was in New York, Elizabeth, Jeff and their friends immediately clustered around her. They almost mobbed her with kisses and questions.

"Please," she begged, "give me half a break and I'll tell you everything."

At that moment John Prescott came into the room. He was taken aback at seeing Joan but came forward and embraced her heartily.

"Young lady, what are you doing here?" he questioned.

"I'll need help to tell you everything," she answered. "Larry, come here."

The boy shambled forward and stood awkwardly in front of Prescott.

"How are you, Kerrigan?" the older man asked.

"Larry, you tell him," Joan urged.

He made several false starts and then blurted out:

"She's my wife."

"Young man," Prescott said sternly, "I want to have a talk with you—right now." Turning on his heel, he left the room, with Larry following.

Joan was worried. Finally she could no longer stand the gay chatter of the others and went on tip-toe to the door outside her father's library. With her ear to the key hole she listened. She could hear Larry saying:

"Mr. Prescott, do you mean all that? You're not sorry—nor disappointed—nor nuthin'?"

"I should say not!" the father answered. "My boy, I think I'm the luckiest man in the world."

"But I thought you acted so all-fired upset out there," Larry commented.

"You bet I did—I had to—because anything I think is all right Joan thinks is all wrong. I didn't want any differences of opinion about you. Get me, son?"

Larry nodded. At that moment Joan burst in.

"Well, it looks like there'll be no murder here today. How do you like the new addition to your family, Dad?"

"I think he's great. It's the first thing you and I have agreed upon in eighteen years."

Larry, grinning with happiness, took his hat from the desk.

"It's gettin' kinda late, Montana. I think we'd better be goin' along," he suggested.

"Going?" Joan asked.

"Going where?" Prescott enquired.

"Well, I figured that we'd board with Tim Healy and his wife until we could get a little place of our own," the boy explained.

"That's out! Nothin' doing! I'm your boss and I say stay here," Prescott told him.

"Who's his boss, Dad?" Joan asked.

"I mean, we're your bosses, Larry," the father corrected himself, "and our orders are that you stay right here."

"I'm going to get some of this Montana real estate off myself," Joan said, starting for the door, "while you and Dad finish your pow-wow."

"She's a wild little devil and she's going to take a lot of taming," Prescott told the boy when they were alone. "You'd better use the curb bit on her, son, or she'll get out of hand."

WHEN Larry entered the room he was to share with Joan, he found her in evening dress.

"Why, Montana," he said, "it's almost eleven o'clock. Where you goin'?"

"We're not out in the woods now, Larry darling," she answered, laughing. "The evening's just started. After getting a flash at the crowd downstairs—and a bath—and hearing some music, why, I'm just rarin' to go now."

"Wal, I guess I'm backsliding on you a bit 'cause I'm sho' 'nuff ready for bed," he told her, puzzled by her attitude, puzzled and frightened.

"You'll snap out of it, all right," she assured him. "Just take a little snooze while I powder my nose and then you'll be all set."

A few moments later a knock sounded on the door and a crowd of girls, headed by Elizabeth, came into the room.

"We're throwing a party in your honor at Joe's road house," Elizabeth announced. "You'd better hurry. Get that big, handsome husband of yours organized and let's go."

Joan looked at Larry. He had turned his back and was gazing out of a window, displaying absolutely no interest in Elizabeth's suggestion.

"You all run along," she advised. "Larry and I may be over later." When they had left the room, she turned to Larry. "It's all right if you don't want to go, dear."

"Honey," he answered tenderly, "I don't know your friends at all yet—don't you see—an' I ain't got no kind of clothes to be goin' with them. I'd feel all fired uncomfortable goin' along — tonight." From outside came the tooting of horns and the sound of noisy laughter. Trying to hide her disappointment, Joan strolled to the window and looked out. "I want you always to understand me, Montana," Larry said, "and I want always to understand you, too. You excuse me, honey, this night—and you-all run along with them. I'll be right here a-waitin' for you when you get back."

Joan jumped at this suggestion, although Larry had hardly thought that she would take him at his word. She gave him a hasty kiss, wrapped her evening cloak about her shoulders and was off. With his eye on the empty bed, Larry slowly wound the alarm clock and set it for six o'clock.

Joan did not get back until long after that time, and Larry was already dressed and ready to go to work when she came in. He kissed her goodby for the day as she snuggled down to sleep.

IN THE weeks that followed, the rift in the lute of Joan's and Larry's happiness that had appeared on the night of their homecoming was widened by many petty quarrels and misunderstandings.

The most serious quarrel, however, did not occur until the night before Mr. Prescott was to take Elizabeth and his guests back to New York. That evening a big party was scheduled. Even the cowboys were asked to participate.

When Larry came in to dress for the affair, he was surprised to find a complete evening outfit laid out on the bed, ready for him to put on. Joan had bought it. After some coaxing—for Larry had never had a Tuxedo on before—he was finally persuaded to try it on. Joan hugged him

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tightly when she saw how handsome he was in this unfamiliar costume.

Larry danced with his wife and then, as another boy cut in on him, feeling awkward in his new Tuxedo, he strolled off to the porch for a smoke.

Inside, the orchestra started to play an Argentine tango. Slow, sensuous waves of music stole through the room.

"That's music!" Joan cried. "Who's going to do this tango with me?"

Jeff beat all the others to her side in the general rush that ensued. She smiled at him as he took her in his arms.

As if floating on the rolling crest of the passionate music, they danced, their bodies moving as one, close together. To the unsophisticated eyes of the cowboys, it seemed almost like public love-making. Larry's brow was clouded as he watched his wife dance with the sleek-haired Easterner.

As the music of the tango died away, Joan flung herself backward in Jeff's arms. For a moment they posed this way, and then, in the same rhythm to which they had danced, Jeff bent over and kissed her full on the mouth, possessive passion under the guise of a dramatic gesture in every line of his body. As he still held Joan in his embrace, Larry strode forward, seized him by the shoulder and tore him away from her. At the same time his left hand went up, doubled into a fist and caught Jeff flush on the mouth. Without a cry, Jeff dropped to the floor and lay still.

Joan stood stock-still, wide-eyed with anger. Elizabeth dropped to the floor and took Jeff's head in her lap.

"I calc'late you'd better be coming with me," Larry said firmly, stepping to Joan's side.

"You apologize to my friends—everyone of them—instantly," she ordered.

"I ain't 'customed to apologize to nobody—'less I make a mistake," Larry answered quietly.

"Well—you will apologize this time!"

"Montana, please," he pleaded. "You don't understand!"

"Don't stand there begging and pleading," she shouted, her voice rising shrilly. "You apologize or get out—and stay out and never come back! I'm through with you—do you hear? I never want to see you again—never!"

His face hard with injured pride, Larry walked out of the room, while Joan sank back on a sofa and buried her face in her hands.

THE next morning Larry dejectedly entered the bunk house and sat down. Tex, his best friend, wandered over to him and placed his hand on his shoulder.

"Did you git to talk to her?" he asked.

"No, Tex," Larry answered, his eyes on his boot toes. "I tried three times today, but she sent out word that she wasn't intendin' to see me."

"Mebbe she'll git over it—women is apt to," Tex encouraged.

"I sho' hopin' yore right 'bout that, pardner," Larry answered.

The next afternoon Mr. Prescott sought his son-in-law out in the corral.

"I thought I'd run over to say goodby, Larry," he said. "Joan is going home with us."

"Is that dead certain?" the boy asked.

"I'm afraid it is. She sent this to you." From his pocket he took the horsehair ring with which Larry had married Joan. "She should be made to see you. She's all wrong." There was a moment's silence between the two, then Prescott said, "Well, goodby, Larry."

Larry rose and they shook hands.

"So long, sir."

THAT afternoon the private train that was taking the Prescott party back to New York was backed up to the siding and the whole party clambered aboard. As the cowboys waved farewell, Joan looked around, hoping for a last glimpse of Larry. He was nowhere to be seen. After the train pulled out, she slumped sadly into her seat. But she did not have

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long to meditate on her quarrel with Larry, for Jeff came up with a drink in his hand.

"Surround this," he said, "and you'll forget all about that cowboy."

Joan took the drink, gulped it down, and, pretending a gaiety that she did not feel, began to dance to the phonograph record that was being played. The rest encouraged her with whoops and yells.

At a water station some miles from the Prescott Ranch, the train came to an abrupt halt. Joan, dancing, was caught off balance and fell against Jeff. He encircled her with his arms and, lifting up his cocktail glass, proposed:

"Here's goodby forever to Larry Kerrigan's wife—and welcome back to our little playmate, Joan Prescott!" He drank, then, lifting the glass again, went on, "And, here's a nice, big basket of ripe razzberries to Larry Kerrigan!"

As he finished the toast, a shot rang out and the glass was shattered in his hand. The attention of the entire company was drawn to a figure in the doorway. Dressed in Mexican costume, a smoking gun in his hand and a brilliantly colored bandana hiding his face, a man was leaning against the door jam at the end of the car.

"I theenk, my fre'n's, you don't dreenk to what he say," the newcomer announced slowly, waving his gun about. The young Easteners put down their glasses before the chill menace of the gun. "I theenk, before I peeck a senorita for myself, theese young lady she dance a fandango for me. You will dance, Senorita, no?" the man went on, indicating Joan.

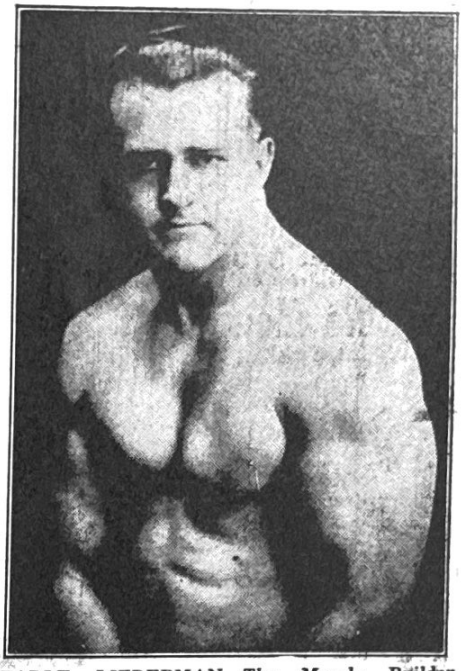
"I will not!"

"You will dance, Senorita," the bandit exclaimed, firing his gun at her feet.

"Jeff!" Joan said appealingly.

"I say—" Jeff started to protest.

"The hands—oop with theese hands!" the stranger commanded, planting a well-aimed kick in the middle of Jeff's back. Jeff quietly subsided. "Dance, Senorita," the stranger ordered, again pointing



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Notice how every woman prefers the fellow who carries himself with head up. Notice how the broad shouldered man always gets their eye. They want a dependable he-man when they make their choice—one who can protect them. **And you can be that man.** Remember, I not only promise it—I GUARANTEE IT.

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his gun at Joan's feet. Slowly she began to dance. When she had finished, the stranger said, "Eeet ees time now I theenk to take the senorita I like the best."

Grasping Joan by the arm, he started to lead her out.

"Jeff!" she called. Jeff stood by and did nothing. "Here," she said, "take my money, my rings, but don't kidnap me."

"Your fre'ns they are vair, vair brave mans! They are so beeg and strong—they protect thair women so nice!" the masked bandit said sarcasticaly as he dragged Joan out of the car—and not one of her Eastern friends made a move to help her.

"You contemptible cowards!" she shouted back as she was lifted up bodily by the stranger and taken off the train.

Mounting a horse that stood nearby, the stranger rode off with Joan in his arms. A few hundred yards away from the train, which was already beginning to move out from the watering station, the man halted his horse.

"I theenk now, Senorita, I make you forget all about your husband—if you have one."

With one hand he forced her head up slowly until her lips were not an inch away from his. She fought and kicked but to no avail. The stranger's lips came closer. He kissed her. When he let her go, a broad grin on his face, Joan cried:

"Larry, I'd know your kiss in a million!"

He took off his mask and they kissed again. Miles away, speeding eastward, the train whistled.

Double Cross Roads

(Continued from page 22)

"Get back to the cottage, change our clothes and beat it quick before those guys find out I've double-crossed them."

"But even as he spoke, both gang leaders were breathing their last, a result of the machine-gun fight between the rival cars.

"What do you mean?" she queried wonderingly.

"I gave Deuce the fakes," he laughed triumphantly. "I worked the switch when I opened the safe.

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"And the real necklace?"

"Still locked in Mrs. Tilton's safe."

Mary snuggled closer to him. Now they could start all over again where the air was fresh and clean and where there were cows and daisies.

Just Around the Corner

(Continued from page 15)

"Twenty-four thousand!" Kaplan gasped. "Say, listen, Rosie, after all, it's nice you should have rich relations on both sides, ain't it?"

"Perhaps you'll all have a midnight snack at my house tonight," Mr. Sinclair put in. "We've got lots to celebrate. I enjoyed the fight, son," he turned to Tommy, "and I'm proud of you."

"Thanks, dad," the boy beamed. "See you all later."

With an elaborate wink, Kaplan nodded to the other two men and they turned toward the door.

"You know, Kaplan," O'Grady commented as they made their way out, "I've just been thinkin' pretty soon we'll be grandfathers, you and me."

"Well, we deserve it," the other returned. "I hope it's a boy. Oowah, Benjamin Kaplan Sinclair!"

"What's that?" O'Grady flashed. "Benjamin Kaplan Sinclair! You're crazy. The son of a fightin' fool like that?" He nodded his head in the direction of Tommy's dressing-room. "You mean Patrick O'Grady Sinclair."

And, unmindful of the bruises and cuts, the parents of the future grandchild were clasped tightly in each other's arms. What's in a name, anyway?

Lives of the Great

(Continued from page 21)

Clair saw her and was impressed not only by her beauty but by her unusual type. He mentioned her to Sam Wood, who was then looking for a leading woman for William Haines in "Telling the World". Anita took a test and, although she had a cold and wasn't feeling as if the world were her oyster that day, she made

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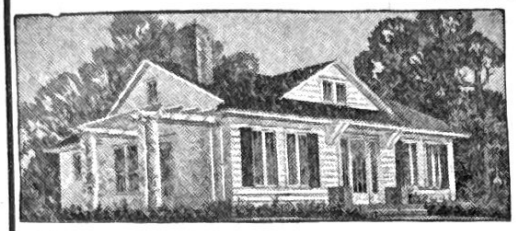

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Helping Hearts

(Continued from page 25)

working nights, so you see I don't have time to go anywhere. I work twelve hours every night, seven days a week. I am very fond of sports such as swimming, boating, baseball, golf and, best of all, tennis. I'm hoping that you will find me some pen pals anywhere and everywhere who will write to me.

I wish you and your club every success.

Frank of Chicago.

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That's that

(Continued from page 11)

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